THE SWEETHEARTS THAT WE LEFT IN NEWFOUNDLAND

WORDS & MUSIC BY

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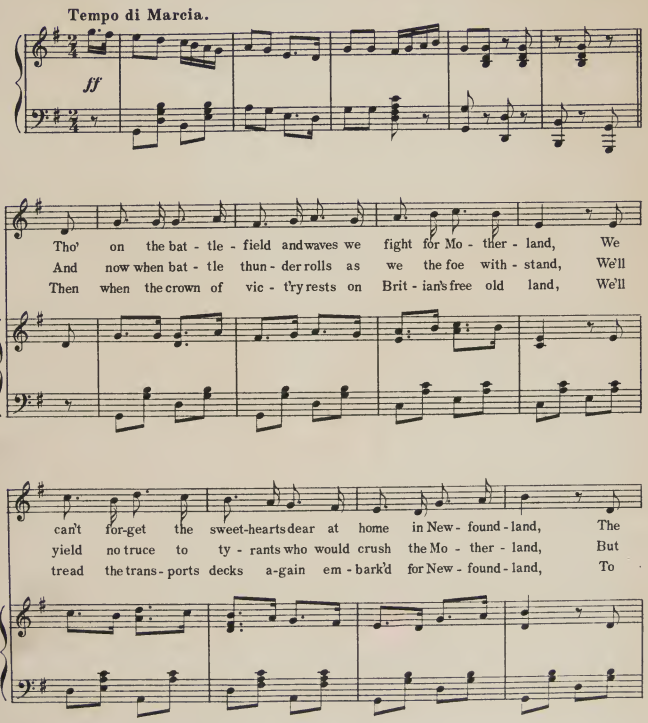
Tempo di Marcia.
ff
Tho' on the bat - tle - field and waves we fight for Mo - ther - land, We
And now when bat - tle thun - der rolls as we the foe with - stand, We'll
Then when the crown of vic - t'ry rests on Brit - ian's free old land, We'll
can't for-get the sweet-hearts dear at home in New - found - land, The
yield no truce to ty - rants who would crush the Mo - ther - land, But
tread the trans - ports decks a-gain em - bark'd for New - found - land, To

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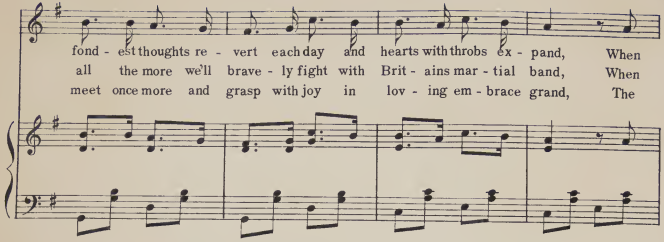
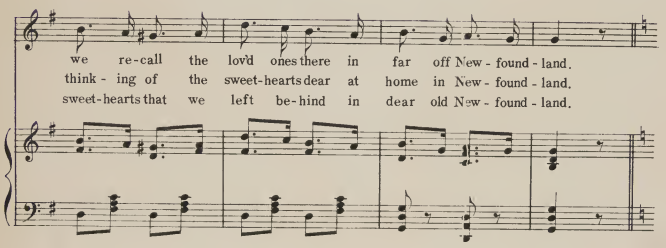
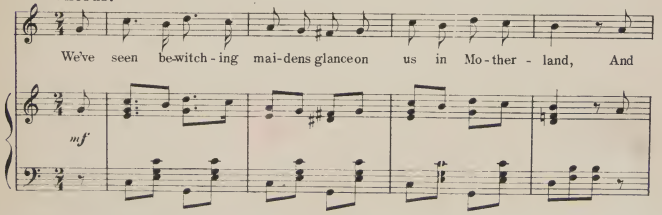
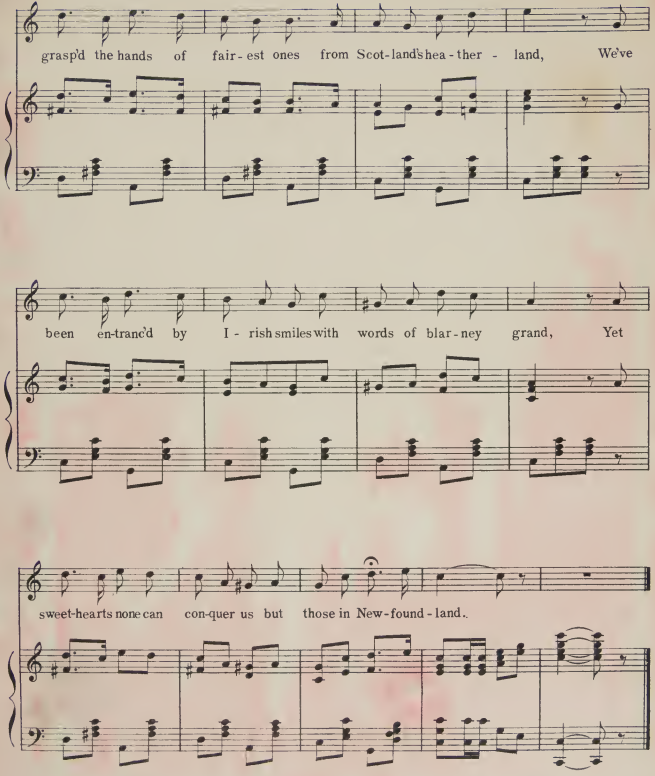

fond - est thoughts re - vert each day and hearts with throbs ex - pand, When
all the more we'll brave - ly fight with Brit - ains mar - tial band, When
meet once more and grasp with joy in lov - ing em - brace grand, The


we re-call the lov'd ones there in far off New - found - land.
think - ing of the sweet-hearts dear at home in New - found - land.
sweet-hearts that we left be-hind in dear old New - found - land.

Chorus.


We've seen be-witch - ing mai-dens glance on us in Mo-ther - land, And
mf


grasp'd the hands of fair-est ones from Scot-land's hea-ther - land, We've
been en-tranc'd by I-rish smiles with words of blar-ney grand, Yet
sweet-hearts none can con-quer us but those in New-found-land.

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